

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the University you say.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll;
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfethere,
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what should a man doe
but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes,
and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have
a sute of fables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live
his life halfe a yeere; but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or
else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sound. Dumbes shew followes.

*Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he
her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes*
him

Prince of Denmarke.

him downe upon a banke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaves
him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crowne, kisses it,
poures poison in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene re-
turnes, findes the King dead, makes passionate action, the poisoner
with some three or foure comes in again, seem to condole with her,
the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woos the Queene with
gifts, she seemes harsh a while, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Ophel. Belike this shew imports the argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.

Ophel. Will a tell us what this shew meant?

Ha. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you asham'd
to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Ophel. 'Tis brieft my Lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round

Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,

And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed sheene

About the world have twelve times thirty been,

Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands

Unite commutually in most sacred bands.

Que. So many journies may the Sun and Moone

Make us againe count ore ere love be done:

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from your former state,

That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For women feare too much, even as they love,

And womans feare and love hold quantity,

Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.